

CHICKEN CHOLERA CURE!



Thousands of dollars worth of chickens die every year from Cholera. It is more fatal to chickens than to all other diseases combined. But the discovery of a remedy that positively cures it has been made, and to be convinced of its efficacy only requires a trial. A 50-cent bottle is enough for one hundred chickens. It is guaranteed. If, after using two thirds of a bottle, the buyer is not thoroughly satisfied with it as a cure for Chicken Cholera, return it to the undersigned and your money will be refunded.

For sale by G. W. Short, Cloverport, Ky.

BABY CARRIAGES FREE

Any baby carriage, whether new or old, will be sold for cash at a low price. The largest lot of baby carriages ever offered for sale. The carriages are of the latest style, and are very durable. They are also very cheap. For full particulars, send for a circular. Address: G. W. Short, Cloverport, Ky.

NEVER FAILS—PLEASANT TO TAKE.

C.C.C. CERTAIN HILL CURE

The only Certain and Effective Cure for Chills and Fever, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and Malarial Fever, Dumb Ague, Swamp Fever and all Diseases originating from a Tropic Fever or Malaria.

Perfectly harmless, contains no Arsenic or Quinine and can be given to the most delicate person with perfect safety. As a Tonic for the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Nervous Depression and all ailments originating from Malaria, it stands alone without a parallel.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

Sold by Druggists generally.

J. C. MENDENHALL & CO.,
Sole Proprietors,
FRANKFURT, Ind., U. S. A.
SOLD AND WARRANTED BY

G. W. SHORT

BANK OFFICE

ROLL TOP DESKS
AND STORE FIXTURES
"THE TERRY MFG. CO."
NASHVILLE, TENN.

FREE

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IF YOU ARE GOING TO PAINT USE

BLUE GRASS

Ready Mixed House Paints,

Manufactured by

Val. Blatz' Sons,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

\$1.25 PER GALLON

For Sale by

G. W. Short, Ag.

Dealer in Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass.

CLOVERPORT, KY.

HUGHES' TONIC

SURE CURE FOR

Chills and Fever

For 30 Years a Success.

Read this Testimony then TRY IT for Yourself.

Proprietors have many letters like these: **BETTER THAN QUININE.**

Mr. M. M. Kesterson, Dorsey Co., Ark., writes: "Your Hughes' Tonic for chills and fever has never failed yet, and I have sold it to a number of chronic cases. It cures them every time."

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"How did you come here this morning?"

"I live in the house," and Dora longed to add something more assuring, yet scarcely knew what to say.

"Indeed!" he said, in a surprised tone. "I thought the house was empty. I did not know Mr. Harton would dare to let it; and there was a perceptible sneer on his lip and in his voice."

"We came here in May," Dora added. "I was here in March and heard that it had never been tenanted. Mr. Harton is none, of course?"

"No, the family are all away and will not return in several days."

"I must beg you to pardon me," he said, rising, "for thus entering your abode. If I had been aware of your residing here or of Mr. Harton's absence, I should not have chosen this course."

There are reasons why I do not care to have my presence here known; yet, believe me, I would not on any account have disturbed or alarmed you. May I trust that I have not given you too severe a fright?"

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As if interpreting the smile, he held out his hand frankly, and said, in deep, honest tones that carried faith with them:

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"It was not my house," returned Dora, with a smile, "so I may be lenient. But do you really hope to find the will?"

"My father died in the positive belief there was a will hidden away somewhere. His brother's wife found her in a closet in the room below, a place he had searched through vainly. Indeed, he felt well convinced she must first have put it there. Mr. Harton acted very suspiciously, I think, after his wife's death. He was not at all willing for me to enter the tower. Now, if he felt really satisfied as to my grandfather's will, why should he object to any search I might like to make? My present purpose is to penetrate every conceivable nook or possible hiding place—that is, if I can gain your mother's permission to stay here awhile."

Dora remained talking until she heard Jane's voice calling her to her morning's duties. Promising to arrange for an interview between Mr. Chorley and her mother, she ran down, received a small scolding from the impatient Jane, who wondered what she could find in that old ghost tower to interest her so much. She read awhile to her mother and then assisted Jane with the dinner, finding no time for the conversation she had promised herself. However, Jane was going to spend the afternoon with a sick neighbor, and when Dora saw her walk down the garden path in all the glory of clean dress and white apron she took out her sewing and sat down beside her mother with a satisfied smile.

"Mamma," she began, after a considerable silence, "do you think it would be wrong for Mr. Chorley to come here and search the place for his grandfather's will?"

"Why, no, child," said Mrs. Bertrand. "But you know he could not do it openly, on account of his former trouble with Mr. Harton. So he would have to remain concealed, and work quietly. Should you disapprove very much of such a course?"

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"Quite sure; he looks so like the picture of my father. And now do not be frightened, mamma, while I tell you the whole story," and Dora came and knelt beside her mother, while she repeated the incidents of the morning, leaving out much of the alarm she had experienced.

Mrs. Bertrand was greatly surprised, and quite undecided what course to pursue, but Dora pleaded so warmly in Mr. Chorley's behalf, that she at length said: "I think we might manage it but for Jane."

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They were still talking earnestly when a shadow passed the window. Dora sprang into the hall, closing the door behind her, and found an old friend, but most unwelcome guest, entering the doorway. She stood quite still, her face paling visibly.

"My darling Dora, I have frightened you almost to death, have I not?" said the gay, pleasant voice of Olive Harton.

"I was not expecting you—when did you return?"

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"No, I'll sit here," and Olive took one of the chairs in the hall.

There was no mode of egress from Mrs. Bertrand's room save into the hall, and consequently Mr. Chorley was a prisoner. After a moment's consideration, Mrs. Bertrand came forth with her daughter, and all three entered the parlor opposite.

"I don't believe you are a bit glad to see me," Olive said, with an embarrassed laugh. "You did not use to make such company of me."

Both Dora and her mother tried to place their guest at ease as rapidly as possible, and Mrs. Bertrand judged this would be more readily done by leading her to talk of her journey. In a few moments Olive launched into a lively description of all she had seen, and expressed her delight in the approaching wedding; "only," she ended with, "I don't like Clara's lover, and I am afraid I never shall."

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